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mind with that which they portray. It is, after all, not the Madonna, but the mother, which the people love and to whom they are attracted. Mr. Guy's picture does not show us a Madonna, and yet no Madonna could have a sweeter, more beautiful, more tender expression. And no ideal picture of a Christ-child could impress us more with the beauty and charm of childhood than this bright-eyed, chubby, rollicking baby. Mr. Guy's picture makes no claim to our consideration on account of religious grounds, but appeals to us exactly for what it is.

Opposite this picture, on the east wall, the place of honor is occupied by a picture by Rosa Schweninger, of Vienna. It represents an old antiquary examining a small statuette through a lens, and is one of the most effective pictures in the gallery. In *technique* it is broad, and yet it is very realistic in its qualities. Its harmonies are subtle and exquisite. Two charming pictures by Walter Shirlaw have a place in this gallery—one, "Puss," showing a handsome Angora cat stretched, like a collar, around the neck of a beautiful woman, and fast asleep. The other is a "Tuscan Vase with Flowers," and is one of the most forceful, brilliant pieces of coloring to be seen in the exhibition. Few pictures can compare with it for decorative effect.

"A New York Arab" is a characteristic study of a familiar type, by Frederick Dielman, exhibited for the first time. In spirit it very strongly suggests some of Murillo's pictures to be seen in the Old Pinakothek in Munich. There are two paintings here by George Inness, one a "Sunset," painted in 1858, and somewhat suggesting the early Rousseaus, and the other a "Scene at Durham," idyllic in its nature. Mr. Bristol is represented by "The Chocorua Mountain," the most recent painting from his studio and one of his finest works. Its effects of atmosphere and distance are wonderfully well expressed, and it is a picture that attracts much attention. There are two landscapes by Mr. Casilear which are greatly appreciated, and there is a small October twilight, "Shadows of Autumn," by Mr. M'Entee, that is received with a great deal of favor. Carl L. Brandt's "Portrait of a Lady"—from the Academy exhibition of 1883—is much commented upon. The marvelous rendition of qualities, in flesh, costume and accessories, attracts many eyes.

One of the most important pictures in this gallery is "Benvenuto Cellini Unveiling the Statue of Perseus with the Head of Medusa," by F. L. Kirkpatrick, of Philadelphia—the property of Mr. George H. Moore, of Louisville. It represents an interior, decorated with costly marbles and gorgeous tapestries, with the bronze statue at the left and a group of brightly costumed figures at the right of the centre. In the arrangement of its color effects the picture is decidedly "Turneresque." It is almost as rich in color as Mr. Vanderbilt's "Fountain of Idleness."

Mr. Loop's "Awakening" is a picture attractive in subject, and one which will bear careful technical study. It shows a nude child, by the side of a stream, awakening its mother by touching a clover leaf to her lips. Charming purity and grace are expressed in the figures.

In the East Gallery the central position on the east wall

is occupied by Constant Mayer's interpretation of Hood's saddest but most effective poem, "The Song of the Shirt." A woman, still young in years, but

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,

sits at her bare table, finishing the garments which give her as the fruit of unceasing toil, a meager, ambition-killing existence. To quote a criticism upon this picture:—"Mr. Mayer has rarely painted a face containing so much expression, poetry and sentiment. The large, wistful eyes, heavy with the work of the long and weary night, and yet telling a story of aspirations, of blighted hopes, and a better and happier past, the sad expression of the mouth, the wan look about the cheeks, and the nervous, wearied contraction of the muscles, all tell the story of the idea as it has never before been told upon canvas."

Mr. Mayer's "Evangeline" (belonging to Mr. Moore, of Louisville) hangs on the centre of the north wall of this gallery. It is a picture with which many who have not seen the original have become familiar through engravings and photographs. Near this is E. Wood Perry's picture, "The Story Book," which shows a grandmother with a favorite grandson on her knee, instructing him in the mysterious history of Jack, the Giant Killer, or some equally interesting character. The figures and accessories are painted with rare fidelity to nature, and the picture is another of those which attract from their sympathetic qualities. There are three excellent pictures by Mr. Dolph, representing favorite subjects, half a dozen paintings by J. G. Brown, a charming composition by T. W. Wood, Gilbert Gaul's "Silenced," one of Mr. Cropsey's brilliant landscapes, Bolton Jones's superb Academy picture "On Herring Run," two effective paintings by Mr. Whittredge, two by Mr. Hovenden, two by Mrs. Coman, and many others which deserve notice, but the consideration of which must be deferred until another time. Among the few foreign pictures in the exhibition are fine examples of the work of Rousseau and Daubigny, and the famous "Temptation of St. Anthony," by De Beaumont, which may be considered in a future paper. There are also several paintings representing the older masters, as Rembrandt, VanDyck, Solimena, Jan Steen, Salvator Rosa, and others.

C. M. K.

GOOD FROM EVIL.

IT seems that the much maligned Art Tariff is not quite as black as it was painted by its opponents, who have hitherto seen in it only utter destruction to the art interests of the country; but it now appears that it may be the means of hastening the development of a great national school of art, which shall be as distinctive in its character as are those of England, France and Germany. With the exception of a few people who pride themselves in being not Americans but Cosmopolitans, the desirability of such a school is admitted.

It is claimed that there is in our country, in its present and past life, no lack of subject matter worthy of treat-

ment, and also that the art instincts of our people are at least equal to those of any other nation; all that is wanting is the thorough art training, that will enable our artists to express with precision and power the thought that is in them.

Twenty years ago there were no art schools of any account in the country, and at that time the great exodus of our art students began, until now the principal art centres of Europe number them by the hundred. But instead of returning home after the acquisition of their *metiers*, to aid in the development of a characteristic American school, the large majority of them continue their foreign residences, and do their utmost to think and paint like the artists among whom they live. Not being to the manor born, they never fully succeed in this endeavor—they only succeed in becoming less American.

With their knowledge of technique, we need them here to show us home artists, who have not had their advantages, how to express more clearly and forcibly the character of our landscape and of our national life. The wonderful growth of the nation shows that it must possess peculiar traits of life and character that are worthy of being painted and sung by our own painters and poets, and that the themes are here if one has only the intelligence to see them.

A writer in a recent number of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* truly says that "The greatest school in a country is that which is developed most normally in accord with the character of the nation." The same differences that exist in the characters of the people of America and of Europe should be shown in the works of their respective artists. It obtains in literature, why not in art?

The great artistic truths are common to all countries and all ages: every good work of art must be in accord with them, and no true artist would depart from them in order to be original or not to do what has been done by others. It is the imitation of mannerisms and foreign idiosyncrasies that is objectionable.

Several of the European governments have threatened retaliatory measures if Congress does not repeal the present art duty. It is to be hoped that this programme will be carried out, and that in consequence, European life will be rendered so expensive and uncomfortable to the American artists, that they will be forced to return to their own country. With such an influx of thoroughly trained artists there will be an impetus given to the development of art such as the country has never before witnessed.

The following editorial from the *N. Y. Times* of July 27, shadows forth the compensating good that may result from the present art tariff. It may transpire that every Congressman who voted for it "builded better than he knew:"

EFFECTS OF THE DUTY ON WORKS OF ART.

Deplorable as the tariff on works of the fine arts undoubtedly is, perhaps it may benefit us in one respect. It may force our artists who live abroad to decide, for their own ultimate good, whether they propose to be Americans or Europeans. As it now stands Europe is full of Americans who are less than ciphers; they are mere points of interrogation. There they have learned to make pictures that sell for the moment to a class that does not pretend to buy to hold. The patronage they get is essentially unstable. It consists in part of speculative dealers, in part

of passing tourists, in part of the charitably inclined at home. It does not allow of a gradual growth such as other professions demand, if the highest eminence is to be attained. By understanding this fact, talents of no great original compass arrive at success; on the other hand, by ignoring it, the largest promise of power comes very often to nothing.

Americans cannot reasonably object if another country is chosen as a residence for life. Sir Benjamin West and Count Rumford chose to become Europeans, and no one grudges them their well earned fame. But they did not try to be Americans too. They were citizens of the lands they adopted, and did manful work as such. Our Americans abroad at present are neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. They live in "colonies" and spend their leisure in abusing alternately the country from which they come and the land they flatter by imitating. In Paris they are Americans, and in New York they are Frenchmen. Naturally enough their art work is equally hybrid; it is displeasing to the fastidious and the knowing, and inevitably a thing rejected by the generations to come. To support this bitter fact by history it is only necessary to examine the careers of Dutch and German painters who, not content with a year or two in Italy, must needs colonize at Rome. They never became Romans, and their denationalized art was, for the most part, neglected by their own countrymen of the next generation. If the tariff cause the return of a round number of Americans who have got all the good there is in foreign study, but not enough to spoil them, it will have done something to offset the prejudices aroused by the want of fair dealing of Americans in Congress assembled.

LAKE LONESOME.

BY A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

IN my occasional talks with our guides, they had made certain vague references to a lonely lake, which, though not very remote, was difficult of access and about which there clung an air of mystery and seclusion which I had more than once longed to penetrate. Indeed my friend and I had planned an expedition there, but there were so many other entertaining things to claim our attention that we did not accomplish this. Now, however, being thrown somewhat more upon myself, I recalled this subject with a renewed interest and sought still further information from our men.

From the "farm" they pointed out where it lay, afar in the distance where the long line of the forest sank in a faint green ripple against the side of the mountain, which was the crowning glory of the magnificent outlook. Lake "Lonesome" they called it. It became a subject of conversation in the camp. My own inclination to visit it was stimulated by the interest of the rest of the party, and I therefore decided to go, taking "Walt," one of our young and lusty woodmen with me. All our preparations were carefully made. Much of the distance was to be accomplished on foot through the woods, and everything must be carried. We were to pass two other lakes, and one of them—the larger one—it was necessary to cross, and we carried an axe and a few necessary materials for building a raft from the dry cedars on its shore. The whole of our party accompanied us across *our lake* in the "big birch" and we took one small birch along to leave upon the opposite shore in case of an emergency. It was an ideal morning; the freshness of the creation seemed to rest upon the wilderness, save for a blush of scarlet here and there in the fringes of the swampy tracts which defined the inlets of sluggish streams, painted by these lessening September days